

WEEKLY REVIEW—CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

THE REVIEW

Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railway.

Trains arrive at and leave Crawfordsville daily as follows:

Express	Leave: 7:30 A.M.	Arrive: 12:45 P.M.
Mixed	11:30 A.M.	5:30 P.M.

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Rail Road.

GOING NORTH:

Express	Leave: 7:30 P.M.	Arrive: 8:30 A.M.
Accommodation	5:40 P.M.	

GOING SOUTH:

Express	Leave: 8:30 A.M.	Arrive: 5:40 P.M.
Accommodation		

Arrival and Departure of Mail at the Post Office in Crawfordsville.

DAILY—Going south: 7:30 A.M.

North: 12:45 P.M.

Leaves Tuesdays & Sat.

THURSDAY: 7:30 P.M.

Leaves Tuesdays & Sat.

ALAMO, by carrier arrives Tuesdays and

Saturdays: 10:30 A.M.

WATERTOWN: 10:30 A.M.

Saturdays: 10:30 A.M.

ROCKVILLE: 10:30 A.M.

Leaves Tuesdays & Wednesdays & Fridays: 4:30 P.M.

Leaves Tuesdays & Thursdays: 1 P.M.

NEWTON: by carrier arrives Tuesdays.

Leaves Tuesdays & Thursdays: 1 P.M.

INDIANAPOLIS: by carrier arrives Wednesdays and Saturdays: 1 P.M.

Leaves Tuesdays & Thursdays: 1 P.M.

Milroy and the Canal Debt.

The attempt to excuse the position of Milroy on the canal debt, by referring to his war record as an evidence of his "loyalty," is a poor business. The people of Indiana, we imagine, will not stop to inquire whether he "sprang to the defense of the Union," at the opening of the war, or not, as that has very little to do with the canal swindle. His being in favor of springing to the defense of the holders of the canal debt is a much more important question just at present. We have said nothing against Milroy as a soldier. We speak of him now as a candidate for an important office, and in reference to his connection with a plan to subject Indiana to the payment of the canal debt—a debt that the State is neither legally nor morally bound for. The Radical party declare their opposition to this swindle, but upon the same day nominate a man for Treasurer of State who says that "so long as it (the debt) remains it must be a remainder of obligations on the part of the State unfulfilled, and of disappointed hopes and expectations on the part of the bondholders."

Thus spoke Milroy to the State Legislature, authoritatively as a Canal Trustee, and stripped of its verbiage, his words mean just this: That the state should fulfill its obligations so that the bondholders should realize their long deferred hopes. This is the plain interpretation of Milroy's language, and this his public record. He cannot deny it, and his silence now is an acquiescence in what he then said. It won't do to cry "rebel" and say un pleasant things about the Democracy. That is no argument, and the people will not be deceived by any such cry. If Milroy is not in favor of this swindle he will have the credit of it—if he is not he must stand by his position and not attempt to escape under the specious plea of "loyalty." Milroy's record as a soldier is not on trial. His record as a Canal Trustee, and his desire to saddle this debt on the State, is. That is the issue, and not whether he showed the white feather at Winchester, or sold out at Harper's Ferry or not. That has very little to do with it, and we have neither inclination or desire to attack the military record of the General while we are discussing the other more important fact. It will not do to elect men in favor of putting on the State this debt and we believe Milroy to be one of the men who are in favor of that nefarious scheme.—*Logansport Pharos*.

The Oneida—Interesting Letter from One of the Survivors.

The Boston Transcript publishes the following extracts from a letter written to his sister, by Mr. W. W. Crowninshield, the clerk of Captain Williams, of the ill-fated Oneida.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Jan. 26, 1870.

The Oneida is no more, but thank Heaven I am one of the survivors of an awful catastrophe. My escape was most miraculous. At the time of the collision I was asleep in the cabin, on the transom, at about ten minutes to seven in the evening. The steamer struck us near the fore part of the cabin. I found myself on the floor just coming to from being stunned, and, opening my eyes, I saw the whole stern was cut off and all exposed to the starlight. I had sense enough to climb out of the stern over to the spar deck, and look down into the cabin to see if Captain Williams was there, but could not see him; I subsequently met him and told him how serious the damage was. Finding the ship was sinking, I went into the main rigging, and in five minutes our good ship commenced to sink rapidly. I was ten feet above the rail. When she had sunk so as to have the water reach me, I pushed myself as far away from the ship as I could but the vortex carried me down, and it was a long time ere I came to the surface. When I did I saw nothing of the ship, but many heads above water. I saw one of our boats near by me, and had just strength enough to reach her. I was pulled on board exhausted, and found Mr. Yates with thirty-seven of the crew on board. We steered for the nearest land, four miles away, as well as I can judge. I was nearly frozen, and soon had a chill; but after while we came near the beach, and made a landing in the surf, where I was just able to get ashore, being very stiff with the cold. We reached a Japanese village and found shelter and rest for the night, twenty-eight miles from Yokohama. My heart is too full to tell you more of myself, although all I had went down in the ship. Captain Williams acted as bravely as he has always done. He would not leave his post on the bridge, although he was almost pulled away, and when urged by Mr. Yates, replied, "I go down with my ship." A petty officer urged him to go, he grasped the iron rail, and said, "No, this is my place, and here I remain. God bless her! the country and the world have lost a noble officer who died rather than leave what he considered his post of duty. This heroic conduct was followed by every officer and man on board the ship, not a soul who had a station left it, but died death in such a manner that makes me feel proud we were Americans, and were it not for you all at home I could wish I was locked in their arms. Through all that I have passed during my life nothing has made such an impression upon me. I can see each and every face of those who have gone, and they all loved each other so much! They were proud of their country, and took such interest in its prosperity. In that devoted band there were many thoughts, but only one heart.

The Oneida was the favorite ship of the station. Could you see what the popular feeling was here from every one, you would think that all loved the ship and her officers better than I did. We left the port under the most favorable auspices, the ship homeward bound. All the men-of-war cheered us, the merchant ships dipped their flags, telling us of their good wishes for a safe and pleasant voyage home. But in one we were facing death as only Americans can do, not a murmur, not a cry was heard when the good ship Oneida (which had done her duty through the war) was sinking, and every one knew that meant death. Through all my experience during the war, I saw nothing to compare with it. But I cannot write more—my heart is to fail. Shall I ever get over it, is what I ask myself.

JANUARY 29.—Nothing has been heard from the ship or of the crew, no doubt the rest have gone down to the depth of the sea. Some pieces of the wreck have been seen along the shore, and among them an empty trunk of mine, which was stowed away. Boats have been looking out, and are still doing so, for any bodies which may come to the surface. The Captain of the Bombay is having an investigation, both as regards the collision and his conduct in leaving it. It will go hard with him, for had he stopped and lowered his boats, he could have saved all on board. Our Minister is conducting the case on behalf of the living and the dead, and the evidence is strong against the British.

JANUARY 31.—The investigation

drags slowly along. Last evening they found the ship, and have marked the spot. The ends of the masts are visible some foot or two at low water. No bodies have been found yet, but it is hardly time for any to appear, the water and weather being so cold. In a day or two we shall have the melancholy duty of identifying them, as all Japanese fishermen have orders under penalty of death, to bring all effects saved to Nagasaki. The result of the investigation will not be known for a week, which news you shall have by the first steamer.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Letter from Iowa. OTTUMWA, March 7, 1870.

Business has never been so dull in this prosperous country. A majority of the business houses are scarcely paying expenses. The farmers are unable to meet their taxes, and the same general gloom pervades the country which preceded the outbreak in 1861.

On Saturday, this became evident, as General Babcock and Porter were both before that committee urging the matter to the end desired by their commander.

Fare of the Devils!

Was there ever a more ridiculous farce than the one lately played to an admiring crowd in Congress, by the most miserable crowd of buffoons there assembled?

B. F. Whittemore, resident of one of the New England States—carpetbag member from South Carolina—was paid \$2,000 for his nomination of a cadet to West Point. This is called a foul!

The body of thieves assembled in Congress, to rob the people who work for the enrichment of the non-taxable bondholders hate verity!

They recoil in horror at anything not moral, honest, religious, high-toned!

Poor Whittemore was caught in the act. Congress had a tremor. It was expedited him. The poor fool grew weak in the knees and resigned!

Then the brave thieves there assembled censured him. Censured one not a member, for stealing a little steel, and kept at them selves!

God hates a coward.

And a fool.

And thieves generally.

We like farces—but only in their proper place, theaters for such plays—for farces and farces—there let them begin and end!

What does Congress mean? To run a sarcasm on Grant or upon itself? Censure dishonesty! Rebuke a thief! B. F. Beast censure B. F. Whittemore!

An army of vultures drive a single blackbird who but nibbles where they gorge themselves!

Why the entire Republican party is but a mass of rotten, putrid, festering, nasty, blasphemous, moral and political monstrosities and corruptions from the first. Turn one man out for selling a cadetship! And this when not a Republican of all those in the Senate, the House, the President's chair, the Departments, but bought his way of those who sold.

The army was filled by those who paid to Lincoln or his infamous "administrators" for chances to rob, steal, murder and plunder. The great thief of New England, whose father was hung in chains at sea, for piracy, and cutting the throats of women and children, bought his place, and paid for it on purpose to rob—to enrich his

brother, then murder him and rob his heirs.

Look at the horde of Generals, Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Army Chaplains, Sailors, and prostitutes, often known as hospital nurses, mixed in with a few good women, all of whom fought their positions of those who had them to sell!

And censure an ex member of Congress. And they tossed an empty tub to a whale! Now let the stealing begin anew! The public is satisfied. He sold a cadetship for \$2,000 and ran home. And Congress denounces this selling of place.

Who sold commissions to army officers for the war?

Lincoln—Lincoln's female attachment—Cameron, Stanton, Seward, and an army of Senators, Congressmen, and other harlots who had keys to the administrative bed chamber.

Who sold commissions to gutter-suited, jail birds, prison convicts, upstarts, loyal ignoramuses, known thieves, and men who knew nothing of war—to shallow-brained, cowardly, uneducated military experimenters, who lost armies after armies in their raids for spoons, mules and niggers?

The Republican administration of Abraham Lincoln—of Andrew Johnson—the honest and virtuous Senators who have stolen themselves rich at the expense of the people.

Who sells post-offices, foreign missions, Collectorships, assessor's places, and everything in the line of official positions to black or white male or female thieves?

President Grant, the venal, thieving, corrupt, begging President of the United States!

Who sells places in the departments at Washington to painted harlots, and humpbacked mistresses—taking their joy and freedom to extort climax, all at the expense of taxpayers?

Members of Congress—the same cowardly thieves in power who dared not censure one of their own number, but with a yell of triumph shouted their "yays" into the rotten body of a brother—a dead carpet-bag member of our national auction mart!

Who sells the workmen each year to the non-taxpaying bondholder, who sells the currency of the land in lots to suit, to national banks, to the demoralization of enterprise and robbery of industry everywhere?

These same members of Congress who, like dogs, have voided a spirit of forced indignation against a wavy carpet-bag—the better to fit themselves for a renewal of their race for power.

Who sells post offices to his father, cousins, nephews and relations generally, taking his pay in anything from increase dog to a bit of New Jersey muck?

Our noble President!

Who sold the army to thieves, raiders, spoon-thieves, church-robbers, house-pilfers, furniture-boxers, grave-disturbers, and disease-distributors till the army of the Union became but a horde of pillagers fighting for spoils?

Our noble President!

Who sold the war to "restore the Union" to a rotten aristocracy!

Our honest Congress!

Go! poor Whittemore! Shoo, Fly!

Little thieves, bother, better game!

Too late at night to bet white chips!

Only two thousand dollars of a steal!

Go, run pig!—let the others grow fat.

Brethren—let us pray!—Pompey's Democrat.

PROVISION STORE.

HURLEY'S

POPULAR WORM CANDY

—

DR. SEABROOK'S

Infant Soothing Syrup.

—

DR. SEABROOK'S

Ague Tonic.

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